

**MARVEL**

**57**

LGY#858

**LAST  
REMAINS  
P O S T  
M O R T E M**

# *the* **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**



3/11/11  
10/20-  
MO!

**SPENCER  
BAGLEY  
DELL  
ROSENBERG**



## IN MEMORIAM



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIOT R. BROWN

# MIKE HOBSON 1936–2020



*Last month, longtime Marvel Comics Publisher Mike Hobson passed away. In remembrance of his life and work, Mike's friend and colleague Tom DeFalco, former Marvel Editor in Chief, shared his memories of the Marvel luminary.*

Many are the unsung heroes of the comic book industry. These people are the hidden giants who work behind the scenes — without credit, fanfare or fame — but are essential to the creation of your comics. They are people like Mike Hobson.

As a supervisor at Marvel, Mike was the greatest. He encouraged initiative, listened with an open mind and always supported his people. He rarely raised his voice and had a near-magical way of defusing tense situations. (Mixing creative people with those from marketing, sales or accounting is usually a recipe for disaster.)

Mike defined the word “gentleman.” He was refined and soft-spoken, had an infectious laugh and was an intriguing conversationalist, well-versed in a variety of subjects. He knew the best restaurants, the tastiest dishes, the most flavorful wines and the finest hotels. An invitation to dine with Mike was always a treasured event. He was the adult we all wanted to be when we grew up.

Whenever I think of Mike, two occasions spring to mind. One is the very first time Marvel sent me on a business trip by myself. Mike asked to see me before I left. I went to his office with pen and pad, expecting some last-minute business instructions. Instead, he told me to make sure I made lunch and dinner reservations and gave me a list of restaurants.

I also recall sitting in my office one afternoon when a furious Mike burst in.

“Do you know what those two idiots are doing?” He asked.

“Which two idiots?” I responded.

Mike glared at me for a moment and then suddenly exploded in unrestrained laughter. He actually fell into my couch, and it took him several minutes to regain control. It seems two of my editors had stuck a fishing pole out our seventh-floor window with an old Milky Way for bait and were trolling for passersby. While Mike could appreciate the humor in the situation, he felt our editors needed to adhere to a higher standard of professionalism. That was Mike.

Mike Hobson was my boss and my friend. He will be missed.

**Tom DeFalco**  
November 2020





PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

# *The Amazing* SPIDER-MAN

## LAST REMAINS *Post-Mortem, Part 2*

Using the Sin-Eater, Kindred cleansed many villains of their sins, including Norman Osborn, the Green Goblin. The defeat of the Sin-Eater returned those sins to the villains, except the Goblin. With this new shot at life, Norman revealed a secret: Kindred is actually Norman's son, Harry Osborn.

Harry has been tormenting his old pal Peter Parker as punishment for Peter's "sins." While holding Peter captive, Kindred killed and revived Peter repeatedly. The torture stopped with the arrival of Norman, Mary Jane Watson and Peter's Spider-Friends, the Order of the Web. A fight ensued between Peter, Norman, and Kindred, ending with Kindred trapped in a Darkforce cage constructed by Kingpin. Norman wants to help his son, but Spider-Man isn't so sure.

Kindred's reign of terror may be over, but someone has to sort through the bodies he exhumed. Perhaps NYPD CSI Carlie Cooper can get to the bottom of it.

NICK SPENCER  
*writer*

MARK BAGLEY  
*penciler*



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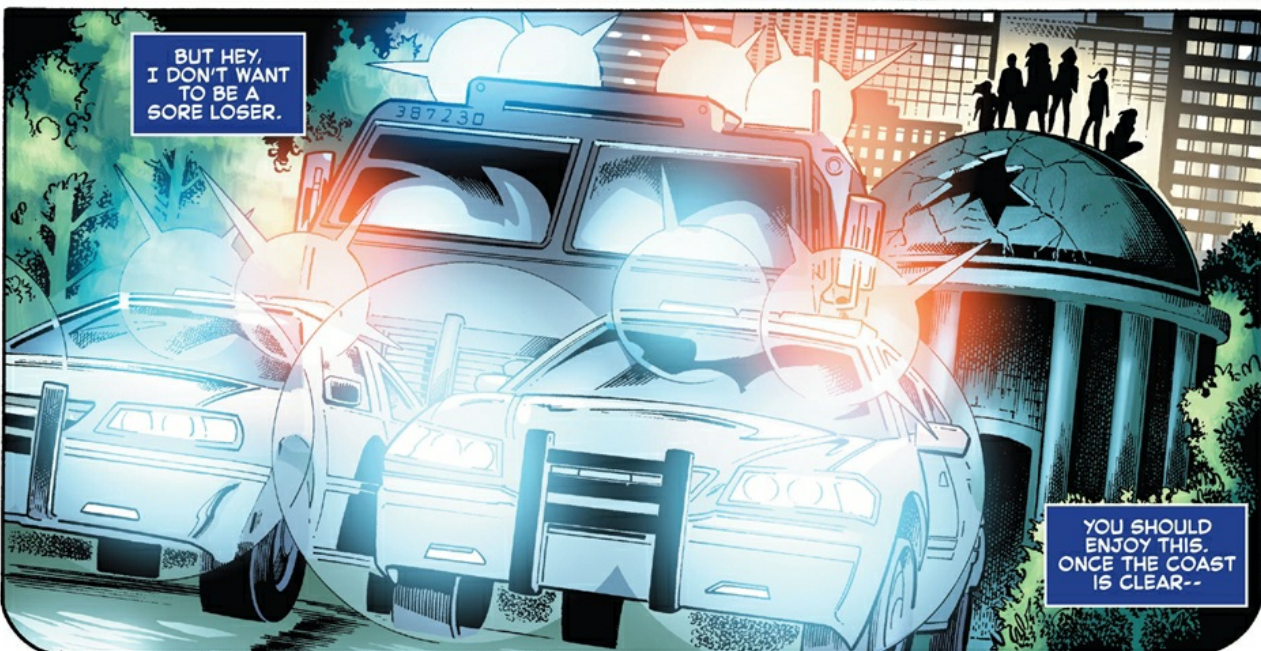
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NICK LOWE | editor C.B. CEBULSKI | editor in chief

SPIDER-MAN created by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO

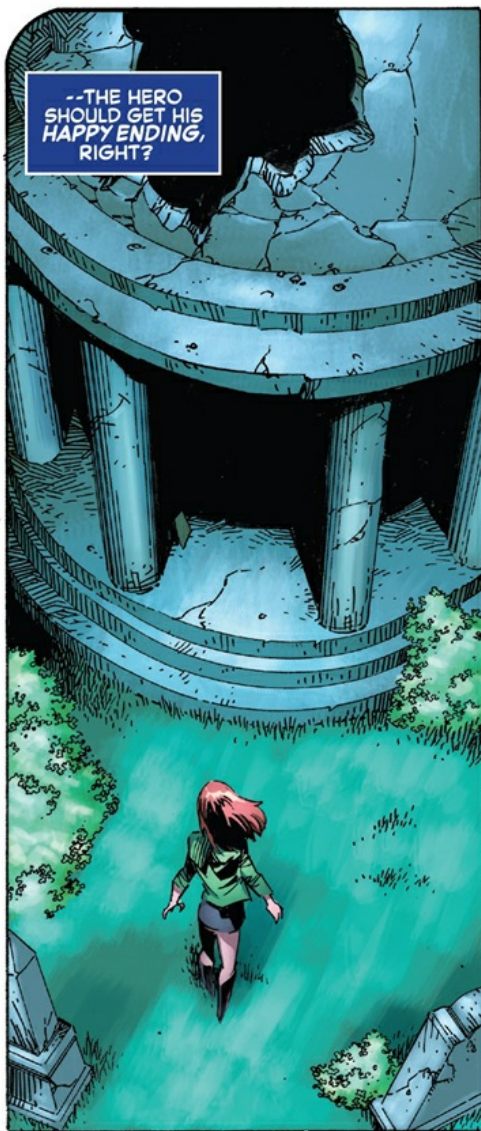
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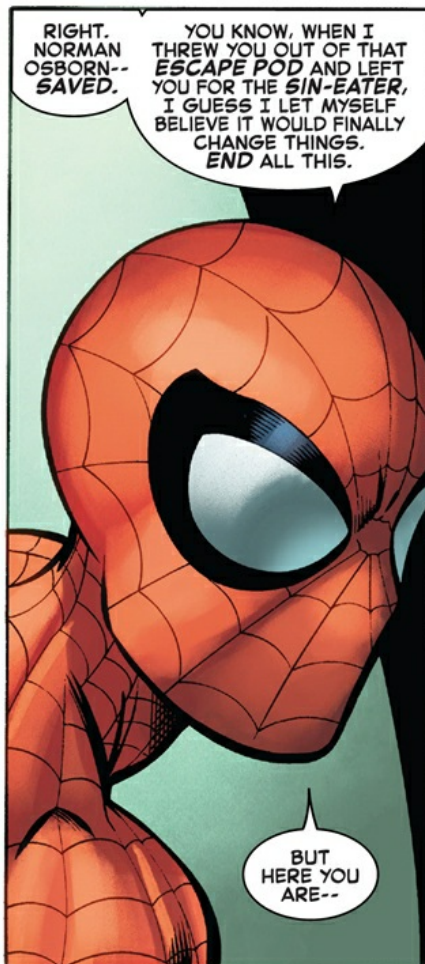
















--HE'S  
MY SON.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT BINDS  
US TOGETHER, THE **THREE**  
OF US. BESIDES THE EVIL OF  
MY SOUL AND THE DAMAGE  
IT WROUGHT ON  
YOU BOTH.

BUT  
HERE WE  
ARE.



WE HAVE  
TO **HELP**  
HIM.













NO.



WHAT?  
I--I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND--

HE'S  
LOCKED AWAY  
IN THERE. LEAVE  
HIM. LET HIM  
ROT.

YOU--  
YOU DON'T  
MEAN  
THAT--



THE HELL  
I DON'T!

YOU WANNA KNOW  
WHAT "BINDS"  
US, NORMAN?!  
NOTHING!

YOU'RE NOT  
MY "FATHER  
FIGURE" AND YOU  
NEVER WERE. YOU  
WERE JUST MY  
BEST FRIEND'S  
DAD.



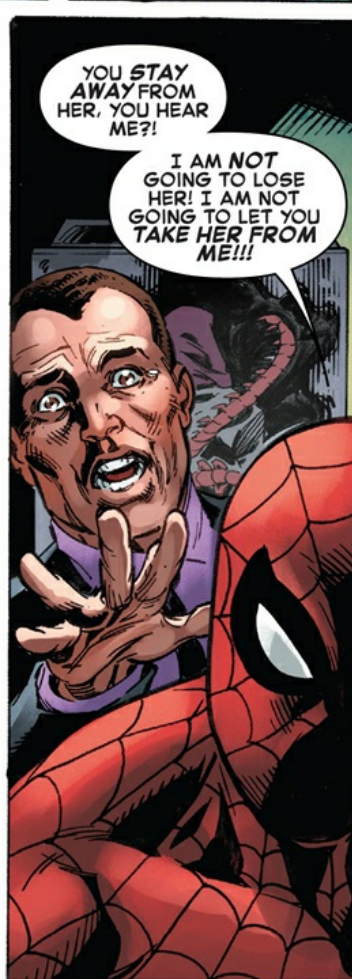
AND TRUTH BE  
TOLD, HE WASN'T  
ALWAYS THE BEST  
FRIEND.

I THOUGHT I COULD  
HELP HIM. BUT--  
BETWEEN THE DEMONS  
HE INHERITED FROM  
YOU AND THE ONES HE  
CREATED HIMSELF,  
WELL--



--I GUESS  
THAT'S ALL  
THAT'S LEFT OF  
HIM NOW.













WOW, PETE.  
NOT A LOT OF  
HAPPINESS IN  
THAT ENDING.

THWIP



A large comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit crouching on the head of a large, green, horned monster. The monster has a wide, toothy grin. In the background, there are tall city buildings and a bright, glowing green orb in the sky. Spider-Man is looking down at the monster with a concerned expression.

MAYBE  
THAT'S YOUR  
*SPIDER-SENSE*  
TRYING TO TELL  
YOU SOMETHING.

BUT  
WHAT?

AFTER ALL,  
YOU'RE  
SAFE. FREE.  
OUT THERE.



I'M LOCKED  
UP IN HERE.



RIGHT WHERE  
I WANT TO BE.





























NEXT:



Issue #58

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at [SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM](mailto:SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM)!  
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print!"